

budget

pac man is icily invoked by
quarters in the sealed arcade.
my mind reprises tunes that wheezed
the horses round ago, those

grinning gauds who plunged and rose
through low tide gas and reedy
memory. And ah those smells!

as raunchy as the nickel whores
who danced from frame to frame with-
in the hot machines, wave-

ing their lascivious heat to heat
flung off the merry-
go-round. My mind's eye blazed

For small coins then
the electrons poke around
in colors of their own,
sudden and unreal.